New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

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The First "Knife Thrust"

Opponents of the reservation to Article X say that it is a "knife-thrust at the heart of the covenant." They forget that the "knife" the Senate is accused of using was long ago whetted by the President himself.

Mr. Wilson's own ideas of the nature of the obligations which the United States ought to accept under Article X are embodied in the Senate's reservation. What he said at Salt Lake City may be dismissed as an impulsive judgment, made in a moment of irritation. What he told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee at the famous conference of August 19 last remains unretracted. It expresses his convictions as written into the official record.

Article X obligates each member of the league to respect and preserve, as against external aggression, the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all the other members. The fact of aggression or of threatened aggression is to be certified to by the council, which is, moreover, to advise member nations as to the means of fulfilling their guarantees.

Members of the Senate committee were very anxious to ascertain the President's views as to the binding character of the general obligation and the legal and moral force of a recommendation from the council. On the first point the question was: Does a notification of the existence of aggression or of a threat of aggression automatically compel the United States to act? Answering this question, the President first drew a distinction between a legal and a moral obligation to fulfill the engagement contained in the first clause of Article X. There was no legal obligation, he said, only a moral one. Pressed to define the moral obligation, he explained that it was not an absolute one, since it permitted a liberty of judgment as to whether the state of aggression really existed and whether, if it did exist, the United States was required to respond to the council's request for intervention.

Such an interpretation completely destroys the automatic character of the original obligation. It leaves the United States at liberty to act or not to act in any case arising under Article X, without incurring the charge of bad faith toward its associates or of disloyalty to the covenant. It is exactly the same interpretation as that which the Senate has embodied in the second reservation. Yet Mr. Wilson's spokesmen in the Senate say that he now believes it "cuts the heart out of the treaty."

On the second point the question was: What may the United States do with a recommendation received from the council? Such a recommendation would, of course, have to be approved by our representative in that body. But the President held that such action on the part of our delegate could not bind either Congress or the Executive. Illustrating the freedom of judgment which the United States would exercise in each case presented, he said to Senator Brandegee:

> "We are first free to exercise it in the vote of our representative on the council, who will, of course, act under instructions from the home government; and, in the second place, we are to exercise it when the President, acting upon the recommendation of the council, makes his recommendation to Congress. Then Congress is to exercise its judgment as to whether the instructions of the Executive to our member of the council were well founded or not, and whether this is a case of distinct moral obligation."

Further on this exchange of views occurred with Senator Brandegee:

> SENATOR BRANDEGEE—On a call by the council for us to perform our international contract under Article X, if Congress does not favor performing it, you think we would not be subject to criticism by the other members of the league?
>
> THE PRESIDENT—Oh, we might be subject to criticism, but I think Congress would be at liberty to form its own judgment as to the circumstances.
>
> SENATOR BRANDEGEE—I agree with you entirely, and under our Constitution Congress would have to do so.
>
> THE PRESIDENT—Yes; that is understood by all.

In this colloquy the President went as far as any advocate of Reservation Two has ever gone. He foreshadowed that reservation. It corresponds with his carefully prepared views of August 19. If a knife has been thrust into the treaty he was its designer and manufacturer.

Near the Finish

The adoption of the Lodge cloture rule was a clear signal that the end of the parliamentary fight over the treaty is in sight. Only sixteen Senators opposed the rule. Under it the majority's reservation program can be carried through this week. The ratification resolution can be put into a form which will represent the views of a strong majority. The minority will then have to take it or leave it.

Vice-President Marshall held out a faint hope to Mr. Hitchcock and the others who want to renew the contest in case the ratification resolution is rejected. But this hope is likely to be blighted. The Vice-President said he would decide, in case of rejection, that the treaty cloture rule was no longer in force. But his ruling can be reversed by a majority vote. If Mr. Hitchcock cannot create a majority he cannot revive the treaty; nor can he alter the reservations which the Senate has approved. He has been outfought and outmaneuvered. He could have had milder reservations if he had consented to negotiate for them a couple of months ago. But he unwisely stood pat on his demand for unconditional ratification.

It is too late to start the controversy over again. President Wilson had his say in Paris. The Senate has had its say in Washington. Each was entitled to a share in the exercise of the treaty-making power. The President can destroy the work of the Senate; but he can only destroy it on the penalty of destroying his own work. Will he not rather find it the part of wisdom to accept the Senate's modifications, thus recognizing the dual character of the control of foreign relations which the Constitution prescribes?

Ludendorff's Alibi

In his anxiety to clear himself of responsibility for Germany's defeat General Ludendorff dwells continually in his book on the shortcomings of civilian government and the civilian population. He makes the charge again and again that the morale of the German people succumbed to enemy propaganda. "While her army was victorious on the fields of battle," he says, "Germany failed in the fight of intellects against the enemy peoples."

Here is a satisfactory alibi, if it could only be made to work. But it doesn't work. Ludendorff lost the war in January, 1917, when he decided in favor of a renewal of unrestricted submarine warfare, knowing that such a move would compel the United States to make common cause with the Entente. German morale was unbroken at that time. Allied peace propaganda hadn't affected it and couldn't affect it, for the simple reason that, on the basis of the war map, Germany couldn't fail to reap enormous advantages from any peace of conciliation. A peace of conciliation at that time, or at any time up to July 18, 1918, would have meant a "peace without victory" for the Allies. But it would have brought Germany many of the fruits of victory.

Germany risked nothing in talking about a negotiated peace. The Reichstag passed a resolution in the summer of 1917 favoring such a peace on the basis of no "forcible annexations" of territory. That was a bait held out to the pacifists in Russia, France, Italy and Great Britain. The German government also engineered the international Socialist conferences called to meet at Stockholm. It always was ready to send delegates to them, for it knew it could depend on the German delegates, while France, Great Britain and Italy were not certain that they could depend on their ultra-Socialist leaders. Russia had already turned pacifist, and in any international Socialist gathering her representatives would have sided with Germany against the Western powers.

Ludendorff complains of the pacifist leanings of a small portion of the German press and people. Yet in 1917 and up to the latter part of 1918 there was no defeatist agitation worth speaking of in Germany. Liebknecht had been squelched. No German statesman of the rank of Lord Lansdowne had publicly declared the war to be a failure. Germany had no Caillaux, no Bolo Pacha, no newspaper like *The Bonnet Rouge*. Charges were never made that defeatist propaganda in the German armies had paved the way to a reverse like that of the Italians at Caporetto.

Short rations, due to the blockade, may have weakened the spirit of the civilian public, but there is little evidence that Allied propaganda caused any serious trouble. The German people supported the war enthusiastically when things were going well. All classes hoped for victory. If Germany had won William II would have been acclaimed and deified just as his grandfather was in 1871. Military defeat alone could sow the seeds of revolution. And even the strongest monarchists in Germany knew when the war began that the empire and the Prussian dynasty couldn't survive a military failure.

Ludendorff's labored tribute to the efficacy of enemy propaganda is disingenuous. It cannot divert attention from his own culpability. His colossal blunder in the winter of 1917 ruined Germany. German morale didn't become sensitive to enemy propaganda until after the fatal consequences of that blunder could no longer be concealed from the German people.

De Senectute

Men recently have not seemed to grow young as rapidly as women, and the advice given by a writer in a London paper to "elderly" men may, therefore, be timely. This writer, declaring against violent exercise for those whose physical force is not what it once was, makes the fifties and sixties the period for considering the necessity of restraint.

The gentle exercise suggested includes three or four short walks a day, working in a garden—but no "heavy digging"—golf and croquet. Englishmen, it seems, continue to play croquet, but it is almost extinct in America. The rage for it—we never take up a sport moderately—was over years ago.

In sum, this advice to men who have passed the roaring forties is that undue excitement must be avoided. The breath grows short, the heart gets weak, the muscles become flabby. Even when there is no visible sign of failing power, gentle exercise is best. Yet might not a man make himself old by imagining that he is so? There are plenty of modern instances of the greatest bodily vigor in the seventies. It may be doubted if it is a good thing for the elderly any more than others to fuss too much about themselves.

But warnings against over-exercise are becoming a routine of the medical men when consulted by young-old fellows. There is a turning away from undiscriminating athleticism. "Keep it dark," said the late William M. Evarts when he was asked how he happened to continue so lusty; "I never take exercise."

The Little Lame Lady

The long awaited memoir of Samuel Butler by his friend Henry Festing Jones is at last out, and English critics are hastening to comment upon its revelations. The center of curiosity for the readers of "The Way of All Flesh" is undoubtedly the surmised original of Alethea Pontifex—that rarely charming and devoted sweetheart whom the hero, for some quite unexplained reason, never married.

It is a significant commentary on Butler's methods of novel writing that the reader does instinctively see autobiography written all over his pages. The present memoir justifies this attitude. The deadly, destructive childhood of an English religious household of Victorian days, immortalized in "The Way of All Flesh," was Butler's own boyhood. And Alethea was a real person, transcribed, as Butler conceived, accurately and truly. Eliza Savage was her name; his fellow student at the art schools and his lifelong admirer, adviser and correspondent.

Why did Butler not marry her? She was far from beautiful, and the reader can draw his or her own conclusions. She was at one time willing, even anxious, to marry him. But Butler insisted on his intellectual friendship. She died of a slow cancer without ever telling him of its existence; and he reproached himself not so much for not marrying her as for being too preoccupied with his work to give her the time she deserved. He never knew "any woman to approach her at once for brilliancy and goodness," he wrote of Miss Savage after her death. He did not see much of her, but they were in constant communication, and her letters form a most valuable part of the present memoir. They amply justify Butler's admiration for her mind. Long afterward he wrote these lines of her:

> And now, though twenty years are come and gone,
> That little lame lady's face is with me still;
> Never a day but what, on every one,
> She dwells with me, as dwell she ever will.

Perhaps there were other reasons for Butler's refusal to marry his Alethea. Her mind seems to have been closely akin to his own in gentle malice and keenness and candor—perhaps too closely akin to stir him to wish more than friendship could give. Swift and his Stella, that most mysterious and most celebrated of all literary friendships, comes to mind as a parallel and a precedent. But the cynics will lay stress on Miss Savage's homeliness—and who will say they are not right?

The case of Alethea of "The Way of All Flesh" may throw out a hint of the truth. For while her beauty is not stressed, there is no suggestion of her being repulsive. Quite the contrary. Yet the hero never marries her; he simply, silently, without excuse or explanation, goes his own bachelor way. Is it possible that Butler, the relentless autobiographer, came face to face with a fact in his own life that he could not or would not explain or confess? Of candid, cruel, self-examiners Butler has hardly ever had an equal. Yet, even so, he may have had his balking point. And what so likely as that it came over his treatment of the one rare and beautiful friendship of his life, which he permitted the accident of a homely face to turn to a tragic ending?

What Is Criminal Anarchy?

The New York Statute, Passed in 1902, Now Being Enforced

The following sections, forming Article XIV of the Penal Law of the State of New York, were passed in 1902 as a consequence of the assassination of President McKinley. They define criminal anarchy, declare the advocacy of it a felony, and fix the liability of all who participate in the dissemination of the doctrine.

It is under this law that James Larkin, Irish agitator, and Benjamin Gitlow, former Socialist Assemblyman, were last Friday held in $15,000 bail for the grand jury by Chief Magistrate William McAdoo, of New York City.

ANARCHY

160. *Criminal anarchy defined.*

Criminal anarchy is the doctrine that organized government should be overthrown by force or violence, or by assassination of the executive head or of any of the executive officials of government, or by any unlawful means. The advocacy of such doctrine either by word of mouth or writing is a felony.

161. *Advocacy of criminal anarchy.*

Any person who

1. By word of mouth or writing advocates, advises or teaches the duty, necessity or propriety of overthrowing or overturning organized government by force or violence, or by assassination of the executive head or of any of the executive officials of government, or by any unlawful means; or,

2. Prints, publishes, edits, issues or knowingly circulates, sells, distributes or publicly displays any book, paper, document, or written or printed matter in any form, containing or advocating, advising or teaching the doctrine that organized government should be overthrown by force, violence or any unlawful means; or,

3. Openly, willfully and deliberately justifies by word of mouth or writing the assassination or unlawful killing or assaulting of any executive or other officer of the United States or of any state or of any civilized nation having an organized government because of his official character, or any other crime, with intent to teach, spread or advocate the propriety of the doctrines of criminal anarchy; or

4. Organizes or helps to organize or becomes a member of or voluntarily assembles with any society, group or assembly of persons formed to teach or advocate such doctrine,

Is guilty of a felony and punishable by imprisonment for not more than ten years, or by a fine of not more than five thousand dollars, or both.

162. *Assemblages of anarchists.*

Whenever two or more persons assemble for the purpose of advocating or teaching the doctrines of criminal anarchy, as defined in Section 160, such an assembly is unlawful, and every person voluntarily participating therein by his presence, aid or instigation, is guilty of a felony and punishable by imprisonment for not more than ten years, or by a fine of more than five thousand dollars, or both.

163. *Permitting premises to be used for assemblages of anarchists.*

The owner, agent, superintendent, janitor, caretaker or occupant of any place, building or room, who willfully and knowingly permits therein an assemblage of persons prohibited by Section 162, or who after notification that the premises are so used, permits such use to be continued is guilty of a misdemeanor, and punishable by imprisonment for not more than two years, or by a fine of not more than two thousand dollars, or both.

164. *Liability of editors and others.*

Every editor or proprietor of a book, newspaper or serial, and every manager of a partnership or incorporated association by which a book, newspaper or serial is issued, is chargeable with the publication of any matter contained in such book, newspaper or serial. But in every prosecution therefor, the defendant may show in his defense that the matter complained of was published without his knowledge or fault and against his wishes by another who had no authority from him to make the publication and whose act was disavowed by him so soon as known.

165. *Leaving state with intent to elude provisions of this article.*

A person who leaves the state with intent to elude any provision of this article, or to commit any act without the state which is prohibited by this article, or who, being a resident of this state, does any act without the state which would be punishable by the provisions of this article if committed within the state, is guilty of the same offense and subject to the same punishment, as if the act had been committed within this state.

166. *Witnesses' privilege.*

No person shall be excused from giving evidence upon an investigation or prosecution for any of the offenses specified in this article upon the ground that the evidence might tend to convict him of a crime. But such evidence shall not be received against him upon any criminal proceeding.

Not So Far

(From The Philadelphia Inquirer)

Has it ever occurred to Samuel Gompers that it might help matters if he occasionally agreed to make the first concession?

Harmless

(From The Cleveland Plain Dealer)

The former Emperor of Germany still refers to himself as "his majesty." Just habit, and as the cartoons say, "It doesn't mean anything."

The Conning Tower

November
Strange month.
You wear the very smile of June
And April's tears;
October's russet shoes
And January's cloak
Of damp and chill—
A ragamuffin
Of Thanksgiving Day.

MONTE.

A hesitant at marriage's brink gets no guidance from reading the want ads. "Wanted," advertises J. H. Harris, Bloomville, in the Oneonta Star, "a first class married man to work on dairy farm, with all privileges." "Wanted," advertises Laurelton Farms in the Lakewood, N. J., Citizen, "single man, middle-aged, to take care of swine."

"Now I suppose we are in for a lot of solemn discussion about the practice of the hotels in levying a 'corking charge,'" supposes Cush. "As if corking charges, for services not proportionately corking, were something new!"

Gotham Gleanings

—The subway service is bad.

—Ye ed. Saturdayed in New Haven.

—Ogden Armour bought some cattle Friday.

—Mont Glass is on a short trip to the Pacific Coast.

—Harry Childs of New Rochelle had a fifteenth wedding anniversary Saturday.

—Rollin Kirby and wife had a sixteenth wedding anniversary a wk. ago last Friday.

—The sounds of the hammer and saw are heard in our sanctum, as usual. The carpenters never seem to strike.

—Mrs. Harvey O'Higgins of Martinsville helped paint the Methodist chapel the other day. Mrs. O'Higgins and Stephen O'Higgins, Harvey's bro., are both talented that way, but Harvey is far from that.

—Arthur Chapman of Denver, author of "Out Where the West Begins," which goes like this—

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
That's where the West begins;
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit brighter,
That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Out where friendship's a little truer,
That's where the West begins;
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,
That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts in despair are aching,
That's where the West begins;
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying—
That's where the West begins.

—has brought his family here from Denver and will make his home in our pleasant city. Welcome to the East, Art, say we.

The revered Harvard Lampoon and the equally worshipped Princeton Tiger believe that our predilection for Columbia Jester would not have been expressed if we had considered the Lampoon and the Tiger; so we considered the Lampoon and the Tiger; and we still think Jester the best of the comics we have seen.

All science can do to curb the imagination is set boundaries to a region within which a certain set of laws or principles prevail. Out beyond may be the realm of the fourth dimension, the astral plane or the domain of inorganic mind. Still further off there may be something else. But infinity and eternity are as intrinsic a conception of the intellect as consciousness itself.—Evening Sun.

Maybe. But Joe Van Raalte, according to T. E. M., says he heard different.

The management announces, in response to many inquiries, that a large number of those present will be attired in costume, while others will not.—Hartford Post.

Bang! goes another Blue Law.

BETWEEN THE LINES

Affected some, and some downright mendacious,
These precious "Hymns of Hate!" Here is displayed
Much priggish insincerity arrayed
In specious garb, a vanity voracious
Of other people's slips into vivacious
And natural expression. I'm afraid,
If one these critics in their own scales weighed,
He'd find some banal residue like "Gwacious!"

Oh, Hymns rhetorical! Oh, spurious Hate!
That Fury is no fakir, gentle sirs;
No peevish, vixen Hate, no flourish hers!
So take heed, mockers, lest with them ye mate
That think their honesty inviolate—
Yet make a pose of hating posturers!

STANLEY KIDDER WILSON.

The Literary Digest typewriting dodge is old stuff. Somebody sends us a copy of the Typewriter Trade Journal, for December 14, 1904, with a typewritten poem, "Lines Written in Memory of the Alleged Inventor of the Writing Machine," credited to F. P. A. in the Chicago Journal. And a rotten poem it was, too, though we say it that shouldn't.

Hymn of Hate

For Clinton Ball my hatchet pines;
He says:
"You
Still
Need
Seven
Lines."

F. P. A.

The Week Abroad

New York Tribune Foreign Press Bureau

It does not take an over-excitable imagination to conceive of a merrier social affair than the little party which on last Monday celebrated, in the little Dutch village named Amerongen, the first anniversary of a certain resident's retirement into private life. Yet those present might have consoled themselves with the thought that, after all, things might be worse. Wilhelm von Hohenzollern may prefer the din of battle—as listened to in the cozy corner of G. H. Q. somewhere in safe distance behind the firing line—to the quiet of Count Bentinck's hospitable château. But then, Amerongen is better than a dungeon in London Tower, or St. Helena, or the Spitzbergen (this last named suggested by the sanguine editor of "The London Saturday Review" as suitable residential quarters for ex-disturbers of world peace). And Count Bentinck, while sorrowfully adding up the expenses of a somewhat extended week-end call, might have cheered himself with the prospect of the days of his visitation drawing to their end. For the ex-Kaiser will soon (as The Associated Press puts it) "settle down to the life of a country gentleman at Doorn," where he was permitted to purchase a little but comfortable château, with surrounding estate, and where he will be able, next spring, to indulge in his favorite pastime of smelling violets under the sympathetic surveillance of Karl Rosner, of the "Lokal-Anzeiger."

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By the way, those who still lament over Wilhelm going about unpunished should have read the dispatch of the Associated Press correspondent who reported that to his request for a statement on the occasion of the anniversary the ex-Kaiser sent a reply saying that "he had not changed his determination not to speak."

One full year of self-imposed silence! Is it possible to devise a punishment of more elaborate cruelty for the greatest after-dinner speaker who ever gave away state secrets and outraged the dictates of tact and good sense? We think it is not.

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On Sunday, the 9th, the forces of General Yudenitch were continuing their customary retreat with an increasing speed. According to a Copenhagen dispatch his losses in the recent fighting were so high that some units are reduced by four-fifths. The forecast of those British observers who already a fortnight ago declared the Yudenitch episode closed seemed to come true. On Thursday, however, the dispatches of the Northwestern Russian government made a last desperate sally, and suddenly Yudenitch was advancing again—in some direction or other. A member of the Lianosov Cabinet told The Associated Press that his government believed Yudenitch could take Petrograd by Christmas. This sudden hopefulness, hardly warranted by the actual situation, should be viewed in the light of the minister's announcement that his government is working on a new campaign plan, "with the help of Finnish and Esthonian recruits, the Allies to furnish the supplies and foot the bill of operations." These Northwestern Russians seem to be a nice, unsophisticated, plain-spoken sort of a people.

• • •

Observe the superfine discrimination: the Northwestern Russians expect to take Petrograd, not with the help of the Finnish and Esthonian armies, but with that of Finnish and Esthonian recruits. The fact is that the Finnish and Esthonian governments, far from placing their armies at Yudenitch's disposal, have, on Saturday last, begun negotiations with the Bolsheviki at Dorpat. The plan of the Northwestern Russian statesman, then, appears to be that the Allies should put up money for which the Northwestern government would hire Finnish and Esthonian mercenaries. All the Northwestern Russians would have to furnish would be the bulletins.

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As to the Dorpat conference, which may herald the conclusion of peace between the Baltic states and the Bolsheviki, the British Liberal press foretold two months ago that this could be the only result of an Allied policy which, while ignoring or handicapping the "allogenous" fringe states, gave its support to the centralist Cossack chief Denikine and the impossible Kolchak. The Baltic countries—this must be emphasized—are not Bolsheviki in fact or sympathy—far from it; they are democratic peasant states with a rising bourgeoisie and a vehement nationalistic consciousness. They now seek peace with the Bolsheviki not because they agree with or condone Lenine, but because they fail to see why they should be catspaws for a Czaristic restoration whose first measure on achieving success would be to abolish the independence of the non-Russian border states. As General Laidoner, in command of the Esthonian army, said to the correspondent of the "Berlingske Tidende," of Copenhagen: "The Esthonian peasant soldier cannot understand why he should fight for Kolchak, who does not recognize Esthonian independence, against Lenine, who does."

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In the mean time, the Allied commission to supervise German evacuation in the Baltic has arrived in Königsberg and is now in touch with Colonel Bermont, commander of the West Russian army, which is, in the main, the designation in usum Delphini of the old German-Balt Landeswehr. It is to be hoped that the commission will have more luck than the British admiral who not long ago addressed a note to "General Bermont, commander of the German troops," and had it returned unopened with the remark pencilled across the envelope that "there is no General Bermont and there are no German troops."

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These West Russians are altogether a highly interesting branch of the great Slavonic race. On October 8 Haase, leader of the German Independent Socialists intended to deliver a speech in the National Assembly, in which he was expected to make certain revelations about the West Russian government. On his way to the Assembly he was shot and mortally wounded by an Austrian named Voss.

Next day, however, "Freiheit," organ of the Independents, printed a story about negotiations conducted in Berlin by General Biskupski, President of the West Russian government, in regard to a loan of 300,000,000 marks. According to the "Freiheit," Biskupski had actually signed a contract with the house of J. P. Morgan, which undertook to furnish the 300,000,000 marks at 5½ per cent for a term of ten years. By way of security the house of Morgan was to obtain a mortgage on all properties of any description whatever, presently held or to be acquired in the future, of the West Russian government. The document, the "Freiheit" says, was signed by J. P. Morgan and President W. Biskupski.

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It appears, however, that this contract was never executed, for the "Freiheit" remarks, rather obscurely: "After the conclusion of this agreement the West Russian government soon found itself disappointed in its expectations. It appeared that General Biskupski had addressed himself to the wrong party."

• • •

As previously announced, Admiral Kolchak has evacuated Omsk. It may be that the step was prompted by the decision of the British government to withhold subsidies. But it seems that the military situation also has something to do with the Admiral's eastward trip. It is reported that four of his regiments have recently surrendered in a body, after having, in accordance with Russian etiquette, shot their officers previously.

The Toulouse Chapter

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: It might be of special interest to some of your readers to hear of the formation of the Toulouse Chapter of the American Legion.

Toulouse is a city in Southern France, at the university of which 1,100 A. E. F. men took post-graduate courses. So sweet are the memories of that ancient town of Langue d'Oc in the Midi that the men who reside in the city of New York and its environs decided to form a local chapter of the American Legion, and named it Toulouse Chapter.

But out of 1,100 students who came from every state in the Union few are residents of this immediate vicinity. We have therefore voted to broaden the scope and purpose of the chapter and are now open for application for membership from any ex-A. E. F. man who attended either a British or French university from March 1, 1919, to July 1, 1919, and left in good standing. The only other requirement is that the applicant be either a resident of New York State or have his business within New York State.

By this it is purposed to revive old associations and sustain old friendships made in various alma maters in France or England.

Those interested might write to either David A. Ticktin, president, 149 Broadway, New York City, or

JOHN T. L. ANDERSON, Secretary.
123 East Twenty-eighth Street, New York City, Nov. 12, 1919.

Innocuous Anarchy

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: You published this morning an editorial ridiculing my argument in the case of the so-called "Reds" arraigned before Magistrate McAdoo that the New York criminal anarchy statute is invalid. Will you have the fairness to print my argument?

It was this: The Supreme Court has held that the expression of principles cannot be made criminal except when it creates a clear and present danger of overt criminal conduct. The principle attributed to the so-called "Reds" creates no such danger. It is a wrong principle. It is not persuasive. So long as we have not, by oppression, created a wide prevalence of despondency as to social justice under our government, expression of the view that our government should be overthrown will not result in formidable action directed toward that end.

WALTER NELLES.

New York, Nov. 14, 1919.

The Public Is Organized

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I cut this quotation, "The Innocent Bystander," from your Friday's issue. I want to contradict this writer in "The Baltimore American" when he says that "the public are not organized."

The truth is they are organized—highly organized. They are organized into a vast national government, with ample powers and all the machinery to execute the laws and quell disorder, and protect life and property. They are also organized into forty-eight state governments, just as forceful in their sphere as the national government is in its. They are also organized into a vast number of county, town and municipal governments, each one supreme in its sphere. Any other organization of the public would be simply a mob and would not have any legal standing at all.

What we need is men like Governor Coolidge, who will hold the lawless element down. It will not be hard to do this if our executives have backbone enough to put the laws in force. But if they truckle to the mob we will have mob rule, of which we have had too much already. The public wants peace, which will come only with law and order.

WILLIAM EATON.

Walton, Mass., Nov. 12, 1919.

Books

By Heywood Broun

IN NONE of the recent lists of books for children which we have observed has Horatio Alger jr. been represented. We don't know that we should recommend Alger to the young, but we must confess that from nine to twelve he was our favorite author. Alger presented a standardized book. We suppose we have read some fifty or sixty of his works, and looking back we can't for the life of us differentiate "Strive and Succeed" from "Slow and Sure" or remember in just what way "Adrift in New York" varied from "Struggling Upward." And yet we think we could give the plot of any one of these books moderately accurately. Alger's heroes lived in an orderly universe. Success and happiness came invariably to the poor boy who worked hard and just as certainly misfortune fell upon the rich boy who shirked. All Alger's villains were rich and his heroes began poor, but rose rapidly from $5 a week to a fortune.

Among the recent output of novels Arnold Mulder's "The Outbound Road" (Houghton Mifflin) seems to us to deserve a high place. The story is commonplace enough in its essentials. It deals with the efforts of a bigoted family to restrict the artistic impulses of a child. This story is written at least six times every year, but Mulder, who is a young Middle Western newspaper man, has furnished a convincing background and has drawn his characters with such sympathy and skill that his story holds the interest throughout.

The home, by the way, seems to be under terrific fire from 75 per cent of the fiction writers of the season. The less radical ones would amend the slogan of "Home, Sweet Home," by leaving out the "sweet." Our more thorough-going ones would also leave out the "home."

James Branch Cabell writes gorgeous English and "Jurgen" (McBride) has some delightful moments. But to our mind the book is not completely successful. Mr. Cabell has not a sufficiently free and rich imagination to animate his fantastic tale throughout. That is one of the reasons why there are times when it is all too evident that he realizes he is being fantastic. One can imagine him saying "I'm going to be fantastic all through this chapter if it kills me." In no respect does Cabell's lack of imagination show more clearly than when he strives to attain a Rabelaisian flavor. We confess a fondness for broad joke, but when Cabell makes the same broad witticism for the fifth or sixth time it grows a little dull. Nor is the flavor full enough. In the hands of Cabell the joke becomes a barroom story refurbished for the boudoir. In such a refining process it becomes a little nasty.

W. H. Hudson, author of the engaging "The Book of a Naturalist," was aware that he would open himself to much criticism when he wrote slightingly of the dog, and he has furnished a footnote in which he has called Andrew Lang to his defense. In one of his newspaper articles (later reprinted in the book "Lost Leaders") Lang wrote:

> "The plain dealing dog must be distinctly bored by the ever-growing obligation to live up to the anecdotes of him in the philosophic journals. These anecdotes are not told for his sake. They are told to save the self-respect of people who want an idol, and who are distorting him into a figure of pure convention for their domestic altars. He now is expected to discriminate between relations and mere friends of the house; to wag his tail at 'God Save the Queen'; to count up to five in chips of firewood, and seven in mutton bones; to howl for all deaths in the family above the degree of second cousin; to post letters, and refuse them when they have been insufficiently stamped; and, last and most intolerable, to show a tender solicitude when the tabby is out of sorts. He will do these things when they are required of him, for he is the most good-natured and obliging fellow in the world, but it ought never to be forgotten that he hates to do them, and that all he really cares for is his daily dinner, his run, his rat and his occasional caress."

Few writers seem as acutely aware of the white paper shortage as Mary Sinclair, who leaves out most of the verbs when she comes to describe a scene minutely.

In "Mary Olivier" we find:

> "She knew the house—the flagged passage from the front door; the dining-room on the right; the drawing-room on the left; in there the chairs and tables drew together, to complain of Morfe; view of the blacksmith's house and yard from the front window; from the side window mamma's garden; green grass plot; trees at the far end; flowers in the borders—red roses, cream roses, Canterbury bells, white and purple, under the high walls; in a corner an elder bush trailing greenish white on green."

Nevertheless and notwithstanding "Mary Olivier" is one of the most interesting books of the year.

A Back Number

(From The Morning Oregonian)

Since the coal strike came on the stage the steel strike seems to have retired behind the scenes. Is it possible that a strike fostered by the "Reds" cannot flourish without the full glare of publicity?

One Way to Announce It

(From The Kansas City Journal)

No man can refuse a nomination to the Presidency, says Mr. McAdoo. The Democratic party is thus notified that Mr. McAdoo will not attempt the impossible.

Ah, Those Happy Days

(From The El Paso Morning Times)

Oh for the peace and quiet of war-time days, when we had something else to read about besides strike news!